Fublished by the Press Publishing Company, No. 57 to 63 Park Row, New York, Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 48..... NO. 16.817

## IMPROVE THE BREED!



In a defense of the Legislature from its critics Representative Merritt, speaking before the St. Lawrence Club, made the point that its members are at least as good as their constituents require them to be. "They are up to the average of honesty. If you want them better

it is your place to make them bet-

To demand average honesty of lawmakers is much like asking of a clergyman that he should be as moral as his congregation, or of a

judge that his probity should be of the ordinary bar standard. But has New York required even that qualification of its Albany delegation?

It well knows what Senators and Assemblymen will respond when corporation interests pull the strings. It knows to a man the names on Ryan's roll-call. It can tell in advance just how the old guard will line up to defeat legislation in any way antagonistic to company policy. It knows what Senator is spokesman for the traction interests, who the mouthpiece of the Gas Trust is, who is the whipper-in of the pack.

Yet it goes on giving these men the indorsement of re-election. It registers its approval at the ballot box. It continues to make of itself an accomplice of their raids by condoning them. It has only itself to blame for its Gradys and McCarrens.

The way to get rid of after-election criticism, as Mr. Merritt says, is to remove the cause of it at the polls. It must be silenced there, if at all. It is there that the breed must be improved. If the city wants an Albany delegation really representative of public honesty and public integrity it has the remedy in its own hands.

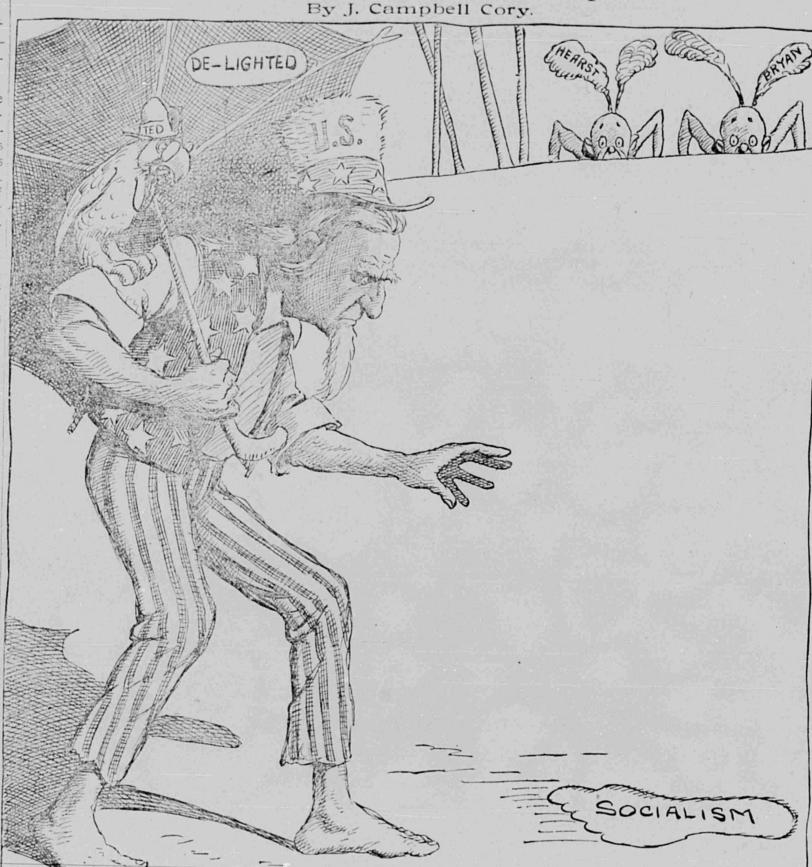
# EARTHQUAKE BRIDES.

One ray of light in the general gloom of San Francisco is furnished by the story of the large number of weddings following its destruction. Where in the history of romance is there a parallel spectacle to that of the marriage-license clerk working overtime in the ruins of the desolated city?

For these couples who have taken each other for better or worse in the most incongruous circumstances there is no nuptial festivity. The trousseaus of the brides are in ashes, the flames have licked up the wedding feast, there is not even a handful of rice or a spare shoe to throw after the newly wed.

Yet there is no reason to suppose that they are less happy on that account. They are marrying for love with no misgivings as to the future as couples married when the world was young. Calamity has merely brought back the primitive conditions of marriage partnership, its true conditions from which society gets further and further away as it grows more artificial and conventional. It will be a boast some day to have been an "earthquake bride."

U. S. Crusoe and the Footprint.



A Group of Oddities in Picture and Story

ments of many European countries have for some time been after him, and he could have annexed a fortunin a dime museum. But he has at last joined the First Regiment of Guards in the Russian army and is stationed at Tsarkoe Selo Palace. He goes by the nickname of "Long Ivan," is twenty years old, and stands just 7 feet 111-2 inches in his stockings. No uniform could be found that came within twelve inches of fitting him, so a complet outfit of clothes, cuirass, &c., had to be made to order. He is nearly a yard taller than the "Little Father" he serves.

According to a bulletin of the Interstate Commerce Commission there were 1.008 passengers and employees killed and 16.388 injured on our railroads in the months of July, August and September of 1905.

At a meeting in Somerset, England, it was stated that, although illegal, the custom still prevails of giving elder in

Of thirty Italians in a night school in Kansas City, only two last week knew the name of the President of the United

A bull entered a china shop at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, England, the other day, took a walk around, surveyed the dis-play with apparent interest and departed without having done more than 25 cents' worth of damage.

The salary of the Speaker of the House of Representatives is \$8,000 a year, \$3,000 more than that of his fellowmembers of the House. The Speaker of the British House of Commons receives a salary of \$20,000 a year.

Shells filled with oil, intended to calm a stormy sea when fired into it, have been invented in France.

This picture shows organs ever made, It was invented during the reign of Alfred the Great, who was a great its way into th churches about 900

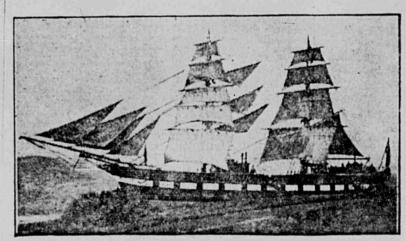
killed more rabbits

New South W

is believed to have

ers'" services were necessary to furnish and gave every opportunity for a big kill.

The sight of a good-sized brig with all sails set, stranded comfortably on dry land, miles away from any water, is sufficiently startling to make the most jaded passer-by pause and stare. Here is a photograph of such a vessel, reproduced from



lady to the Quarrier Orphan Homes, of Weir, England. On board the vessel boy are trained to be sailors, sailor-mis-ionaries and teachers of navigation

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Broux, who tells the story, is page to Count Etlennesses and the Duke of St. Quentin, a payor of the Duke of St. Quentin, a payor of the French throne, is besieging Paris is held by the Legrac under the Duke of Mayor St. Quentin is a follower of Henry, but has boddly o Paris. Mayenne's nephew, Paul de Lorraine, tries of Mayor of Henry, but has boddly of Paris. Mayenne's nephew, Paul de Lorraine, tries and sassassinate St. Quentin, Mar and Paul both orange de Montluc, Mayenne's ward. Mayenne has set her to Paul if the latter can get St. Quentin set of the two.

"I say I know not where he went," Maitre Menard was casping, black in the face from the dragon's goon's attentions. "He did not tell—I have no no-time to be a set of the two.

"I say I know not where he went," Maitre Menard was casping, black in the face from the dragon's goon's attentions. "He did not tell—I have no no-time to be a set of the two.

"I say I know not where he went," Maitre Menard was casping, black in the face from the dragon's goon's attentions. "He did not tell—I have no no-time to be a set of the two.

"I say I know not where he went," Maitre Menard was casping, black in the face from the dragon's goon's attentions. "He did not tell—I have no no-time to be a set of the two.

"I say I know not where he went," Maitre Menard was casping, black in the face from the dragon's goon's attentions. "He did not tell—I have no no-time to be a set of the two. mysterious looking coach near the entrance.

## CHAPTER XVIII. To the Bastille.

(Continued.)

"My name PAUSED by the group of street urchins who Pay a bill"were stroking the horses and clambering on the back of the coach, to wonder whether it would be worth while to wait and see the dignitary come out. I was just going to ask the coachman a question or two concerning his journey, when he began to snap his whip about the bare legs of the little whelps. The street them without danger to me, so it seemed best to saunter off. The screaming urchins stopped just out of the reach of his lash and set to raught to do with the Duke of Mayenne. If he is flected that I was charged with business for my warrant for his arrest." master, and that it was nothing to me what envoys might come to Mayenne. I went on into the Three

The cabaret was absolutely deserted; one might have walked all about and carried off what he pleased, as from the sleeping palace in the tale.
"This is a pretty way to keep an inn," I thought.

I came to a halt, not knowing what to say. "Where have all the lazy rascals got to?" Then I heard a confused murmur of voices and shuffle of my tongue, but I choked it down. To fling wild

table, with a captain of dragoons on it. Of his two men, one took the middle of the room, amusing himself with the windpipe of Maitre Menard

He wore under his breastplate what I took to (Copyright, 1900-1901, by The Century Co. All Rights Re-Paris. He was a young man of a decidedly bourgeois appearance, as it he were not much, outside of his uniform. "My name is Felix Broux," I said. "I came to

"His servant," Maitre Menard contrived to mur-

mur, the drageon allowing him a breath.
"Oh, you are the Comte de Mar's servant, are you? Where have you left your master

"What do you want of him?" I asked in turn.
"Never you mind. I want him."
"But Mayenne said he should not be touched." I was so narrow that he could hardly chastise them without danger to me, so it seemed best should not be touched." I

pelting mud at him with a right good will, but I was too old for that game. I re-"On what charge?"

"A trifle. Merely murder."
"Murder?"

"Yes; the murder of a lackey, one Pontou."
"But that is ridiculous!" I cried. "M. le Comte

of feet from the back, and I went through into the passage where the staircase was, wisdom. By accident I had given the officer the Here were gathered, in a huddle, like scared sheep, some dozen of the serving-folk, men and should do ill to imperil the delusion. "M. le malds, the lasses most of them in tears, the men looking scarce less terrified. Their gaze was fixed meant to say that monsieur had never left the inn on the closed door of Maitre Menard's little counting-room, whence issued the shrill cry:

| Instant to say that house had no hand in the crime Then I bethought me that I had better not "Spare me, noble gentlemen! Spare a poor inn- know the hour of the murder. "M. le Comte is a Resper! I swear I know nothing of his whereabouts."

As my footsteps sounded on the threshold one

Know the hour of the murder. "M. le Comte is a very grand gentleman; he would not murder a lackey," I got out at last.

"You can tell that to the judges," the captain

As my footsteps sounded on the threshold one was given around to look at me in fresh dread. The late of the late o



I could only pant and choke!

The bureau stood by the window with Maltre delta a captain of dragoons on it. Opposite was the able, with a captain of dragoons on it. Of his more many one took the middle of the room, amusing himself with the windripe of Maltre Menard in the order says nothing the order says nothing the order says nothing the order says nothing.

To a nice ear I might have seemed a little too voluble, but the captain only laughed at my patent of the captain only laughed at my patent of the word the soldier who had attended to saw the soldier seize him as he crossed the threshow the saw that the saw the soldier seize him as he crossed

not my master, but-Lucas! 'Hands off me, knaves!" For the second soldier "I know not." the maitre stammered, "He came

had selzed his other arm.

"I regret to inconvenience monsieur," the captain answered, "but he is wanted at the Bastille."

"Wanted? I?" Lucas cried, fear flashing into
"Wou're lying."

"Take care, mine host," the officer returned:
"you're lying."

He felt an instant's terror, I deem, lest Mayenne had betrayed him. Quick as he was, he did not see that he had been taken for another man.

"If you had spoken at first I might have beder of your man Pontou."

morning.

One of them produced a pair. Lucas struggled with his boot. Marrie Menard fell rather than frantically in his captors' grasp. He dragged them from one end of the room to the other, calling down all the curses of heaven upon them; but they snapped the handcuffs on him for all that.

'If this is Mayenne's work"- he panted. The officer caught nothing but the name May-"The boy said you were a friend to His Grace. monsieur, but orders are orders. I have the war-

rant for your arrest from M. de Belin." "At whose instigation?" "How should I know? I am a soldier of the guard. I have naught to do with it but to arrest

'Let me see the warrant." "I am not obliged to. But I will, though. It may quiet your bluster."

He took out the warrant and held it at a safe distance before Lucas's eyes. A great light broke in on that personage.
"Mille tonnerres! I am not the Comte de Mar!"

"Oh, you say that now, do you? Pity you had not thought of it sooner."
"But I am not the Comte de Mar! I am Paul

de Lorraine, nephew to my Lord Mayenne.' "Why don't you say straight out that you're the Duc de Guise?

"Speak, rascal." Lucas cried. "Am I Comte de

I could not wonder at him; if I had not been in

"You, monsieur. You are wanted for the muror of your man Pontou."

"You are wanted for the muron him. "Get out of here, old ass, before I cram your lie down your throat. And clear your peo-He grew white, looking instinctively at me, re- ple away from this door. I'll not walk through a membering where I had been at 3 o'clock this mob. Send every man Jack about his business, or it will be the worse for him. And every woman

"It is a lie! He left my service a month back Jill, too."
"M. le Capitaine," Maitre Menard quavered, risand I have never seen him since."

"M. le Capitaine," Maitre Menard quavered, rise
"Tell that to the judges," the captain said, as ing unsteadily to his feet, "you make a mistake. he had said to me. "I am not trying you. The handcuffs, men."

On my sacred word, you mistake; this is not"——
"Get out!" cried the captain, helping him along

fright had given way to fury at perceiving himself the victim of a mistake, but now alarm was born in his eyes again. Was it, after all, a mistake? This obstinate disbelief in his assertion, this ordering away of all who could swear to his identity-was it not rather a plot for his ruin? He swallowed hard once or twice, fear gripping his throat harder than ever the dragoon's fingers had gripped mine. Certainly he was not the

Comte de Mar; but then he was the man who had killed Pontou "If this is a plot against me, say so!" he cried. "If you have orders to arrest me, do so. But

arrest me by the name of Paul de Lorraine, not Etienne de Mar." "The name of Etjenne de Mar will do," the cap-

tain returned; "we have no fancy for aliases at the "It is a plot," Lucas cried.

"It is a warrant; that is all I know about it."
"But I am not Comte de Mar," Lucas repeated. His uneasy conscience had numbed his wits. In his dread of a plot he had done little to dissipate an error. But now he pulled himself together; error or intention, he would act as if he knew is

(To Be Continued.)

the other was posted at the door. I was shot out the order says nothing about you. Don't swoon away: "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cects about you. Don't swoon away: "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cects about you. Don't swoon away: "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cects about you. Don't swoon away: "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cects about you. Don't swoon away: "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cects about you. Don't swoon away: "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cects about you. Don't swoon away: "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cects about you. Don't swoon away: "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cects about you. Don't swoon away: "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cects about you. Don't swoon away: "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cects about you. Don't swoon away: "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cects about you. Don't swoon away: "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cects about you. Don't swoon away: "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cects about you. Don't swoon away: "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cects about you. Don't swoon away: "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cects about you. Don't swoon away: "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cects about you. Don't swoon away: "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cects about you. Don't swoon away: "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cects about you. Don't swoon away: "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cects about you. Don't swoon away: "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cects about you. Don't swoon away: "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cects about you. Don't swoon away: "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cects about you. Don't swoon away: "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cects about you. Don't swoon away: "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cects about you. Don't swoon away: "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cects about you. Don't swoon away: "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cects about you. Don't swoon away: "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cects about you. Don't swoon away: "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cects about you. Don't swoon away: "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cects about you. Don't swoon away: "T